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ness and the Pagan taste of this idol of crowds with the severe virtue of the greater guardian of the Church and lover of God. The only remark which can bring his orthodoxy into question is, that "sanctification does not change the natural disposition of men." The only new fact which he mentions is, that the recumbent statue of Heloise on the tomb in Père la Chaise is not that of the Abbess, but of another nun of the twelfth century.

9. — *A Memoir of THOMAS BEWICK, written by himself. Embellished by numerous Wood Engravings, designed and engraved by the Author for a Work on British Fishes, and never before published.* Newcastle-on-Tyne: Printed by Robert Ward for Jane Bewick. 1862. 8vo. pp. xix. and 344.

THE name of Thomas Bewick was much better known twenty or thirty years ago than it is now. In his own day he had a great reputation as an engraver on wood, and his works on natural history were deservedly held in high esteem. He was, in the strict sense of the term, a self-made man; but by his energy, and a faithful use of every means of self-culture within his reach, joined to a strong love of nature and a cheerful temper, he overcame the want of early education, and acquired great skill in his art, as well as a large stock of general knowledge. Early in life he adopted two rules for his future guidance, — never to permit his expenses to exceed his income, and never to buy anything on credit; and to these he appears to have rigidly adhered. From the first he was temperate and economical, and fond of out-of-door life. He was born at Cherryburn, in the county of Northumberland, England, in August, 1753, and after receiving such elementary instruction as he could obtain in the neighborhood, he was apprenticed, at the age of fourteen, to an engraver in Newcastle-on-Tyne. On reaching manhood he determined, before establishing himself in business, to see a little of the world; and accordingly he set out on a pedestrian tour through Scotland, successively visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumbarton, and the Highlands. The whole expense of this trip was less than three guineas. In the latter part of 1776 he went to London to seek his fortune; but the great city had so few attractions for him that no promises or persuasions could induce him to remain there, and he returned to Newcastle early in the following summer. "I told him," he writes in reference to the inducements offered by one of his friends, "that no temptation of gain, of honor, or of anything else, however great, could ever have any weight with me; and that I would even enlist for a soldier, or go and herd sheep at five

shillings per week, as long as I lived, rather than be tied to live in London." On his return to Newcastle he entered into business with his former master, Ralph Beilby, and in that city or its neighborhood he resided until his death, which occurred on the 8th of November, 1828.

The works by which he is best known are an illustrated edition of the "Select Fables," the engravings for which were drawn by himself, a "History of Quadrupeds," in two volumes, partly written by him, and illustrated with drawings from nature, and a "History of British Birds," written by him, and illustrated in the same manner. He also designed and engraved a considerable number of illustrations for a similar work on British fishes, but the work was not completed. When he was nearly seventy years of age he began to write the Memoir now before us, apparently with a view to immediate publication, and he was engaged on it down to the last week of his life. Some portions of it, especially the early chapters, are graphic and interesting, and present a very good picture of life among the common people on the eastern coast of England a century ago; but as a whole it disappoints the expectations which we had been led to form from the testimony of those who had read the work in manuscript. It is characterized too much by the garrulity of old age, and devotes a disproportionate space to the statement of the writer's opinions. What he thought about the French Revolution, Parliamentary Reform, and Catholic Emancipation was of very little importance when he wrote, and is not of the slightest interest now. A narrative of his life, on the other hand, would be both interesting and instructive, and we had purposed to prepare a detailed account of his life and works in connection with our remarks on this Memoir; but the materials accessible to us are altogether inadequate for the satisfactory performance of such a task. As a writer, Bewick was feeble and diffuse; and it was only when he exchanged the pen for the pencil and the burin that he showed how much real talent he possessed. "His works, indeed," says Leslie, in the "Handbook for Young Painters," "are of the smallest dimensions, but this makes it only the more surprising that so much interest could be comprised within such little spaces. The wood-cuts that illustrate his books of natural history may be studied with advantage by the most ambitious votary of the highest classes of art,—filled as they are by the truest feeling for nature, and, though often representing the most ordinary objects, yet never, in a single instance, degenerating into commonplace."